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No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mea grata manet, nomen laudisque VALESSES
Cantabunt SCHOLAE, manebitque PATRES."

APRIL, 1888.

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CONTENTS OF NO. CCCCLXXII.

DUE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM.....	280
LUCILE.....	293
JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.....	299
ARBUTUS.....	303
THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF POETRY.....	303
BURIAL OF THE ANCIENT.....	306
HEINRICH HEINE AND GERMANY.....	307
A MODERN VICTIM OF THE INQUISITION.....	312
NOTABILIA.....	315
PORTFOLIO.....	316
MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.....	321
BOOK NOTICES.....	329
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	333

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-third Volume with the number for October, 1887. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

APRIL, 1888.

No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '89

JOHN C. GRIGGS.

HERBERT A. SMITH.

LEWIS S. WELCH.

HUBERT W. WELLS.

OUR RELIGIOUS PROBLEM.

WHEN somewhat over a year ago the scattered religious forces of our University were concentrated and subjected to a more comprehensive and effective systematizing by the occupation of Dwight Hall, we seemed to feel the throb of a quickened pulse that bid fair to remain in permanency as the natural status of a new religious life among us. That efficient rallying point so long needed and hoped for was at last a reality; the Christian work of the colleges had laid a troublesome burden from its shoulders and could toil to better advantage than before. Moreover there was an immediate response to the new call and that, too, among men who were outside the pale of professed devotion to spiritual things; the weekly meetings were unusually well attended; knots of men gathered about the pleasant log fires or strolled into the library to view the slowly-growing shelves, many even venturing to peep between the covers of a commentary or biblical cyclopedia. All were pleased with the new "home" as the kind donator had so frequently and appropriately called it. But the move-

ment went a step farther: it was not difficult to perceive a more copious interest, a more assiduous devotion among the officers of the Christian Association. Several of the faculty were called upon to address the different classes on matters spiritual, so that, as week after week went by even the most sceptical were all but convinced of a growth which was, in spite of its sudden expansion, an abiding thing.

To-day the question is frequently asked, "Is Dwight Hall a success? Was all that early stir and enthusiasm more than an enthusiasm, a momentary gush of pride in our new building, or did it spring from the pleasing sense and relish which goes hand in hand with the possession of a costly and covetable thing?" Manifestly we must either answer in the negative or refer the present torpidity to a shirking and shifting of responsibilities, or the want of a thorough working system, or both. In the first place it is a grave mistake to suppose that a building or any number of buildings can have more than a passive power, can be more than excellent tools at the best. Earnestness and sincerity alone result in earnestness and sincerity, are self-perpetuating, self-multiplying; they are the ultimate motive force in all moral and religious work. But we were inclined to credit our home with that which did not and could not belong to it; we exaggerated the founder's idea; we stood apart and awaited the result as if the foundation of all our hopes lay in that pile of masonry and not within ourselves. If the fulfilling of its function is the test of a created thing, then most emphatically is Dwight Hall a success.

Aside from our exaggerated expectations, however, there is not to-day in Yale that warm, throbbing spiritual life for which we look and long. We heartily acknowledge the fact in our eagerness to remedy it, but we are at a loss to fully appreciate its causes. To speak broadly, they seem to me twofold and are to be found first, in the want of the most practical system of university religious work; second, in the absence—almost universal here in College—of interest in our church service. The test of

every system is its fruit; it is useful and excusable in direct proportion to its results. If it refuses to bear it is merely a nominal thing. Particularly is this true in regard to a system, a mechanism whose end is the promulgation of Christian living. The question naturally occurs, "In how far is the Yale system a fruitful organization? Is its work all that one would normally expect of it, and if not, wherein does it fail?", and the answer comes promptly enough, "In its conservatism and, as a corollary or partial result, non-unionism." From time immemorial the prayer-meeting has found its niche in Yale as a part of the Congregational Church worship. It was well enough in its original form—although, with all its purity, the worship of our fathers was cold and uninteresting and I question whether it was not rather the outcome of their rigid living than vice versa—so long as Yale remained denominational, but in the course of years she has made great strides towards catholicity, evidenced in the various creeds represented here among the students. Within the last fifty years religion as an art has made wonderful progress, and in the midst of this growth the prayer meeting has retained its formulary: the Scriptures are read, hymns are sung, and those who are so inclined are invited to speak or pray as the spirit moves. Not but that all this is well enough in itself, but it is not comprehensive, it is not a sufficient nucleus for our *college* work, it is not thoroughly adaptable. Men lose their interest—pardonably, I think—in the endless repetition of ordinary thought couched in language as ordinary, as uninspiring. There is no freshness in what is said, it carries but little weight, or authority, or influence with it because it is the production of a moment and not the result of conscientious preparation. The ideal prayer-meeting, whatever else it is, is like a well of sweet waters to which we come, from which we draw, and on whose curbing we lay, for the moment, our burdens while we quaff new strength for further toiling. That fact is everywhere continually asserting itself and with us the assertion takes the form of torpidity, a gradually decreasing and irregular attendance

until duty rather than interest is the impelling force. And what is the remedy? I would suggest a less conservative policy; a firmer courage in deliberate, thoughtful experiment; a willingness to accept innovations, at least to the extent of trying them; a refusal to remain in the stagnation of inefficiency.

I said that a corollary to conservatism is to be found in non-unionism, witness that purely denominational organization inaugurated some twenty years ago, the Berkeley Association. Yale's great successes by field and river for years past are the outcome of what we call the "Yale spirit." Not to attempt an analysis of that spirit, I will say that its chief characteristic is unity, unity in association and feeling among Yale men as Yale men, an abolition of all lines tending to divide our internal college life. The Berkeley Association and the fact for which it stands is an exception to the rule of unity. I cannot but feel that our religious prosperity, too, must largely rest in unity as antecedent to the highest practicability of our spiritual work. In any union that is probable must lie a mutual benefit. The recent Lenten meetings, conducted by the above association under peculiar and delightful circumstances, are pregnant with suggestions most valuable in the perfecting of a religious system.

Thus far I have mentioned only two phases of our spiritual labor of which the most hopeful and practical phases are the non-conservative Sunday evening meetings and that newest branch of college religious work, the Drummond delegations. A word in passing concerning the latter. It looks for its success to the body of men actively interested in the welfare of the University and hence to the prayer meeting as representative of that body. It is an organism of many parts so intimately connected that upon the soundness of one member depends the health of all the rest. Here again we see the extreme importance of compelling interest and zeal in the semi-weekly worship.

A second cause for the subsidence and dwarfing of the enthusiasm of which we speak is the lack of interest

in our church service. This is an immediate consequence of the status in vogue. It is a mooted question whether any positive moral addition can be made to the individual through compulsory association with religious forms, particularly with forms that attach no interest *per se*. Harvard has temporarily adopted the negative side of the question and has bravely set about to show her faith in the adoption, but at Yale the everlasting spirit of conservatism is feeling its way along at a harrasingly slow pace. Here all seem to *feel*, no one seems willing to *suggest* the need of an improvement—a change or addition—in the church service. How barren that service is! We are not treading forbidden ground when we criticise it, for such criticism seems to find justification in the general expression, verbal or otherwise, of dissatisfaction consequent upon the present state of affairs. Every service is a means of worship, and worship demands worshippers for its execution. As in the prayer-meeting so in the larger service have we exhibited greater conservatism than many of our non-collegiate sister churches. The old Puritan formulary was an ultra-reaction, as great a detraction from the original as that from which it revolted was an addition to that original. Would there not be positive advantage in a responsive service? It may be answered me that custom, tradition to which we at Yale are in too great servitude, has made even the general repetition of the Lord's prayer as part of the Chapel service a breach, so to speak, of etiquette. Such a custom could readily be overcome were an attempt made in that direction, and we must remember that failure to take advantage of the present opportunities is not so thoroughly indicative as it may seem. We can act in consonancy, perhaps, with the traditionary spirit and institute a broader custom that might without difficulty become self-perpetuating.

Another factor in the religious problem, though a minor one, is hearty congregational singing which we do not possess, partly because we feel that it is not expected of us—that all singing should be relegated to that travesty

upon musical organization the college choir ; partly because it is difficult for some to "sing the songs of Zion in a strange land." To become convinced that congregational singing as a part of general worship can be made not only a successful but an enjoyable feature in our formulary, one need only observe the number who aid each Sabbath morning in the rendition of the Doxology. Yet again, and somewhat in connection with the last point, our service demands radical reformation in the matter of anthem singing. I have spoken of the college choir, but the extreme laxity of that body in training and rehearsal, resulting in weekly shocks to harmony-loving ears, cannot be too severely reprimanded. It is a noteworthy fact that Yale's best and most accomplished singers are employed in choirs of the various city churches simply because there is no pecuniary or other inducement sufficient to retain them among us. Why should not a membership in the choir be even more honorable and desirable than membership in the Glee Club? To presume that some petty surplus of marks is a means to securing proper music and excellent musicians for college service is a bit of exasperating naïveté. The monitor's record during the past college year is instructive. A glance at that record shows irregular attendance to an alarming degree ; upon no occasion—with possibly one exception—throughout the year, has our choir-master found a full quota of men around the organ bench. Inattention and the persistent running along old and deep-worn ruts have done their work, and in place of a forcible reality we have a meagre farce.

A complete digestion of the causes lying at the base of the present slow-burning lamp of religious interest at Yale is not the labor of a moment, nor of an hour ; comprehensive solution of the problem is a long and troublesome task, but the apparent causes are sufficiently great to test our ability to cope with them, and these I have touched upon. As this criticism, if criticism I may call it, has been traced in outline so with the remedial suggestions, yet if the above may serve as an index, however imper-

fect, to matters of the gravest importance in our university life, if it serve to point from broad abstractions to something more sharply defined and of higher practical value it will have accomplished its purpose. In the meantime let us take this fact to our hearts, that life in its lightest aspect is not a plaything, much less so in the depths of its seriousness; we *know*, but do we *feel* the obligation to earnest endeavor under whose shadow—or is it light—we stand?

The lonely Goethe, toiling day by day, year by year, “not hasting, not resting,” laid down his pen at the end of eighty summers and lo! a “Faust” had been born into the world, a royal soul had set its seal to life that thereafter men might accept it in surety and live it truly and without fear. Out of his heart’s agony had he learned, from his heart’s infinite tenderness had he taught this truth,—“*Laborare est orare.*” Of a verity *his* labor was his prayer.

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

LUCILE.

LUCILE was leaning thoughtfully upon her window-sill, looking out over the little courtyard which seemed to nestle there among the high buildings, but now quite empty of the people who usually thronged it; and a little farther on could be seen between the houses, a glimpse of the street beyond; this, too, was quite free from the crowds of Parisians, which generally kept an ever moving panorama before her window. For it was early morning, and the thin columns of smoke rising from dusky chimney-tops, and hanging sometimes in small clouds around the taller buildings, gave the only visible signs of approaching wakefulness.

Lucile watched the little rings curling lazily upward, now fanned by some current of air and now dissolving into the universal murkiness of the sky. But her thoughts

were far away. Like the rings of smoke, they seemed to float up and away from the narrow sphere of her life here in the convent, into the sight of the busy world outside. Now they were in the home where she had passed, with her brother, the happy hours of childhood, her only brother, whose death had given her life its first bitter sorrow. Now they were with her selfish and unsympathizing father who had placed her here, because she could not bring herself to marry the man whom he had chosen for her. And then there would come over her the remembrance of a certain Huguenot youth, to whom her heart had unbound itself, ever since, as a child she had known him as her brother's playmate and companion.

So on this morning, Lucile's face, generally so bright, was serious and thoughtful. It was evident that something troubled her, for now and then she would glance over an open letter which she held in her hand. It was from Edouard, the Huguenot, asking her to linger in the chapel that very afternoon, after the vesper service, when he, in the disguise of a country priest, would be there to meet her. Lucile knew what that meant, and her heart beat quickly at the prospect of meeting her lover. But it must be done secretly, for should it be discovered that she, the holy servant of the church, had been in conversation with a stranger, even though he were a priest, and that, too, in the house of God, she would have had to do a most severe penance. And as she looked out over the courtyard, her thoughts resolved themselves into plans, but as her plans and fancies had always done, they would be blown about and then vanish away, like the smoke moving upward from the chimneys opposite. It now lacked but a few days of a year since Lucile had come to the convent, and at the end of those few days she must decide whether or not to assume the black veil, binding her for life to the order of the nuns.

The hour came for breakfast and Lucile slipped quietly into her place in the group of wan faces and wasted forms. Her face always brought among them a ray of sunshine, that sunshine of the heart which ever tends to warm and

cheer the lives on which it falls. But this morning it seemed to be dimmed with clouds, and the merry laugh was silent, which so often rang out to the horror of her more saintly companions. And had she not had to do many a penance and endure many a fast for her ill-timed peals of laughter?

So the day wore on with its round of duties, until, when the time for the vesper service came, the long line of the sisters filed into the chapel and slowly up the nave, taking their places near the altar. All through the service, Lucile's trembling fingers kept going astray among the beads of the rosary. Vespers being over, she remained sitting while the line glided out, leaving the church again wrapt in silence. And now a priest of unusually elastic step appeared, coming out of the transept. In a moment Edouard was at her side, the same true friend he had always been. As they stood side by side, his ruddy face contrasted strangely with the delicate white of hers, so used to confinement and fasting. Earnestly did he plead with her to leave this convent and escape with him to his own happy home in Savoy, before it was too late and the fatal black veil had separated her forever from the world and its pleasures. "Ah, Lucile," he said, "Paris is an unhappy place for a poor Huguenot. If it were not for you, I would leave it and never set foot within its walls again." It took but little persuasion and Lucile had given her consent. All feelings of pride in her sect had given way under the influence of her deep love. Edouard embraced the slender form, and kissed the face which looked so lovingly and trustingly into his. And now they parted, happy in one another's affection and in the hope of meeting soon again.

How happily did the days pass now for Lucile. Every duty seemed easier, every burden lighter, and the sunshine shone brighter than ever on the lives around her. One night about midnight she stood again by her open window. It was the evening of the twenty-fourth day of August in this year 1572, and on the following day Edouard was to come and she was to leave the convent forever. While

she stood gazing into the starlit sky, there arose over the city the loud ringing of bells. What could it mean? She remembered now that it was the festival of St. Bartholomew, but there was a strangeness about it, beyond her power to explain. Before long there was the sound of hurrying soldiers in the street, and the shout of "*Detruisez les hérétiques.*"

Lucile saw it all. It was a massacre of the Huguenots, and her heart turned faint and sick at the thought of such cruelty. Then there arose from all sides, the shrieks of the dying. The old and the infirm, delicate women, little children and helpless babes, all fell under the blows of swords or thrusts of spears, or suffered such dishonor that death brought a happy release. All that long morning Lucile stood as one riveted to the spot. The street before her presented a most heartrending spectacle of carnage. "*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, "are these the followers of Christ, members of the true church?" But what if Edouard—that was too terrible to think of. She could only breathe a prayer for his safety. And now she thinks she sees him; it is a ruddy youth running wildly through the street. Some soldiers head him off and hack and tear him with their swords. As he reels and falls, a shout of triumph goes up from those around, and his mutilated body is dragged off to the Seine, whose waters now flow on past the meadows of France, a very torrent of blood.

All that day the murder of the innocent continued, and the next morning brought its tale of misery to many a heart, its severed relations, its blasted friendships. Rachel was weeping for her children and could not be comforted. But why did not Lucile come to join the others in their rejoicing over the recent good work for the church and its cause? This was explained when some of the nuns, going to her room, found her lying upon her bed, cold and staring. The happy laughter had been changed into silence, the joyous sunshine to unending night.

George H. Danforth.

Junior Prize Oration.**HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.**

BY LEWIS SHELDON WELCH, HARTFORD.

A DECLINING energy, a weakening character, a growing disappointment to self and to friends, a history of irresolution, a life force spent in searching for what could not be found and lost before it had taken hold of anything which it could call its own, remarkable only for what it did not do,—we can surely find in this record nothing either to admire or emulate. And all this was true of the external life of Henri Frédéric Amiel, whose quiet death at Geneva, a few years ago, was hardly felt beyond the limits of a narrow circle of personal friends.

The world took no note of it: nor can we wonder at her indifference. The quiet philosopher had been slowly dying to her for the last half of his life. Yes, ever since he had entered that life, in the full strength of his early manhood, panoplied in an intellectual equipment that seemed in itself an assurance of success, he had not only failed to advance one step, but had slowly and constantly receded into an almost complete obscurity. "He seemed," is Edmond Scherer's testimony to Amiel's prospects, on his return to Geneva after his long wanderjahre, "to be entering life as a conqueror; one would have said the future was all his own." Twenty years later we have these words from his own lips; "The cup, which I would fain put away from me, is the misery of living, the shame of existing as a common creature that has missed his vocation. It is the bitter and increasing humiliation of declining power, of growing old under the weight of one's own disapproval and the disappointment of one's friends."

Between that bright beginning and that cheerless end, there lies the story of an intellectual existence almost unique in the history of the human mind. There lies, too, for we may properly distinguish, the story of an inner

life, none the less unique, but appealing in any conscientious study of it, to something more than a curious or purely scientific interest. In an appreciative sympathy with the spirit of the man must we approach Amiel. Without this sympathy, men have seen in his life nothing but a case of bitter regret over its literary sterility and in his *Journal* only a long conceited wail in expression of that regret. Yet this sterility of his genius, remarkable as it was, was by no means the all-important feature of his life. It was only one of the many manifestations of a force within him that always drew him away from that which naturally attracted him. Even stronger with him than the literary instinct, were the instincts of love and duty. Family life always appealed to him with peculiar force; yet involuntarily, and with almost a torture of his soul he shrunk from it. And while there is an instance or two of his active participation in the politics of his native city, such efforts seem infinitesimal for one who felt as he did the claims of duty and the weight of personal responsibility. Whenever, indeed, he reached out his hand for the happiness which he knew should be his, or bared his arm for the struggle which appealed to his heart, something within seemed to destroy his will and neutralize his energy. A move toward the outside world seemed only to preface a deeper retreat within himself.

And what was this something which had grown so strong? In a sense, only a passion that had become a master. But a passion sublime, and of wonderful potentiality; a passion, whose very tyranny, in its evidence of power, is an inspiration. To trace its growth is not difficult. Given a naturally thoughtful nature, coupled with a remarkable faculty for accumulating knowledge and fed by an enormous reading, and we have its first necessary conditions. Allow these traits, after reaching a high development in a university education, the full swing of six free years of travel and study, and we may safely look for some beginnings of the reflective faculty. And if we remember, besides, that nearly all this time the young student spent in Germany, in the midst of that speculative

ferment which followed the death of Hegel, we may not be surprised at more than an ordinary development of it. "He approached his desk as an altar," writes a student friend of those years; and we may also remember Amiel's own reference, as he speaks of that time, to the almost rapture of the early morning hour of philosophic thought.

But up to the time of his return to Geneva, Amiel had not indulged his passion to excess. He was not yet intoxicated with thought. This reflective faculty was a power, still within his control, and not only stood for the highest possibilities of achievement, but was represented, in his intellectual equipment, by the widest range of acquaintance in the fields of literature and science, a highly developed critical faculty, and a keen originality of thought.

At this point in his life we have an instance of a destiny seeming to turn upon a trifle. By accepting a professorship in the Genevese Academy, he unwittingly placed himself in a political situation that cut him off from the sympathies of the city's most cultured society. This isolated him from the world at a time when he most needed to throw himself into its activities. It drove him within himself. The productive tendency, never strong, now grew weaker. Personal ambition almost vanished. An indifference to public opinion, afterwards bitterly regretted, was now developed. The life of thought alone seemed open to him. He entered it, heart and soul, and never after could escape its fascination. Three years later he claims that that life, alone, has for him "enough of elasticity and immensity." "The practical life," now confesses Scherer's prospective champion, "makes me afraid." Yes, afraid; and it is the effect of that strange fear that, growing from an indifference to real life to an impossibility of living it, that the pages of the *Journal* tell of. But let us not impute to Amiel a moral cowardice. Call his a morbid trait, if we will, yet it was born of a sublime malady. That "restless search for perfection," that absorption of his powers in the contemplation of the sum and the totality of things, could not but generate a

high moral sensitiveness to the imperfect and the irreparable that shrunk from any practical undertaking. When love suggests the picture of a home, his thought, swiftly developing its central idea into all its beautiful possibilities, intoxicates his mind with the vision. But listen. "I shrink and draw back for fear of breaking the dream. I have staked so much on this card, I dare not play it. Let me dream again." Yes, he was always asking for those few more moments of bliss in the fairy land of thought. He dreamt his life away; yet we must thank him that he left behind so many of his visions, beautiful and inspiring as they are, and throwing light on the small as well as the great things of life.

And all that we have, comes from the heart of the man. His religious experience, perhaps the richest legacy he has left us, assures us of this. I believe we may come nearer to Amiel to-day than could pupil or even friend in his life-time; for to the one his conscientious jealousy for intellectual freedom, and to the other the fear of an unsympathetic ear, often locked up the best that was in his heart.

In a quiet attic chamber in Paris there once lived and thought a gentle dreamer. And all day there climbed to his little room many of the best and wisest of the city, who knew that Joubert had much to delight and to benefit any that would come and listen to him. And when, after his death, the careless relics of his literary life were gathered and made public, it seemed as if he still sat thinking in his room and talked with those who climbed his attic stairway; only now the room was larger and the steps were easier.

When a few intimate friends brought to the world the "Journal Intime" of Amiel, they seemed to open for the first time the quiet chamber of a human heart, where a solitary thinker had thought out his life. And now all who will may enter there and listen to the voice that speaks. They will hear the story of a life that lived and struggled within itself; and they will gain the treasures of truth, for which that life was lived.

ARBUTUS.

Thou tiny prophecy in pink and white,
That, ere the April rains are fully dried,
Creepest between the dead leaves into sight,
A fairy message from the underside

Of this decay, to tell us what sweet things
Shall in their season blossom and grow fair,
And fling their morning perfume on the wings
Of the soft winds that roam the summer air,

I would that thou couldst teach me how to make
Among the dead leaves of my passing days,
Some flower of thought or deed for whose sweet sake
I might seem nobler to mine inward gaze.

Arthur Willis Colton.



THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

"God sent a Poet to reform the earth."

IT is a trite saying, yet one worthy of frequent repetition, that there are but two sides to a question. Every battle field, every page of history, is a mute witness to this fact, and its truth is being felt to-day with living power in the life of each one who is called upon to decide between good and evil; moreover in one of these two directions all the various forms of influence are exerted, which affect especially the mind and imagination.

Only by bearing this fact in mind, can we discover what power poetry exerts upon the world, and determine whether it is fulfilling the divine purpose for which it was given to man.

And first we shall do well to inquire, "Is the purpose of such a noble art merely to amuse, or has it some higher design which lacks fulfillment?" To every thoughtful man there is but one answer. But there exists a class of intellectual persons who in their blindness seem to think that it is but a means of diversion for the mind, and

uphold, as a foundation for their belief, "the perfection of art for its own sake"—a theory in which the germs of a pure and noble motive are being crushed by the enthusiasm of its adherents who unwittingly leave the paths of morality and truth. Actuated by no desire beyond self-gratification, they seek beauty, which though it appeals to their aesthetic natures, may be but a stimulant to low desires; so that unconsciously they depart farther and farther from the truth, ever giving up the old in their search for the new, until at last, as the richest delicacies pall upon the taste and unfit it for more homely but substantial fare, their former ideas of art's true perfection are thrown away, and in their place is a sensuality, heightened by the efforts made to conceal it. There is, however, one assuring thought for us when we are forced to look upon a fact so terrible, yet so true; however degraded one may be, there is somewhere deep down in his heart a little spot of conscience, the presence of Him whose image we bear, which unerringly points out the way of virtue, and will, like a seed long buried, awaken to life and energy, if the vivifying touch of power is applied. What strenuous need there is that this be fostered and quickened by the forces of good! Do we not recognize the importance which must be attached to the moral influence of poetry, that all men may be made to see the beauties of purity and approach that ideal of noble living and action which will render this world a fitter habitation for coming generations?

Silent forces are generally the most powerful. The lightning darts from the clouds, followed by the rumbling thunder; heat and light act with resistless power, yet noiselessly. So it is with the influence of poetry. To be effective it must impress the reader without his observation, gradually moulding his life and thought into a form of moral loveliness; that, as a vase of flowers placed in some hidden corner diffuses throughout the room its delicate perfume, lingering long after the flowers themselves have been removed, so the sweet truths of purity may permeate the chamber of his heart and remain with abiding influence.

The true poet is he who expresses with all his powers "that type of perfect in his mind," which, if we believe in Divine guidance, can not fail to make itself felt as a power for good in the lives of men. Deep seated in his soul must be those ever living distinctions between right and wrong, the involuntary shrinking from evil, and implicit confidence in the strength of virtue and goodness. Then, only, will his highest longings and aspirations be a powerful influence in reforming the world.

What a striking contrast the lives and writings of Milton and Byron present! One is the champion of purity and lofty sentiment; the other the representative of a school which for its influence appeals directly to the lower passions, or, with insinuous stealth, fills the mind with the deadly poison of immorality. One soars to the high heaven for inspiration, receiving in his chaste soul a spring of Divine love ever welling up for the good of humanity; the other grovelling in the mire of evil imagination, glosses over a low and earthly sentiment with the ingeniousness of a brilliant intellect. Yet they are in the world's opinion placed side by side! Truly we feel that poetry must be judged by a higher standard than that of popularity.

The efforts of some of our own poets to advance moral influence have been most commendable. The names of Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier are dear to every American heart; their simple ballads, their touching pictures of love and heroism are the invaluable possessions of countless homes; and we may with loyalty to our convictions of justice compare them with the Miltons and Spensers of the past, picturing to ourselves a glorious millenium when the goddess of Purity, then enshrined within the hearts of men, shall bestow eternal fame upon the world's unnoticed benefactors. Surely we can hope that, as the years go on, the poet, ever conscious of a heaven-inspired muse, of a Divine mission to be fulfilled, and of the world-wide need of guidance in the paths of purity and virtue, will so wield the mighty weapons of

his genius under the banner of Divine approval, as to feel at life's close that,—

"his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Walter Alden DeCamp.

BURIAL OF THE ANCIENT.

This service to his memory

In token of the debt we owe

To the sweet life he led below !

His life is now above with Thee,

O Lord. Still thou the bitter strife

Within each heart that nothing sees

But this we bear and self ; not these

Are relics of his noble life.

He walked in dreary paths, his way

Was long and blessed with little cheer,

But still his footsteps brought him near

To Thee and thy more perfect day.

The words of wisdom that he spake

Are sunk within our memories' deeps

But nobler lessons, as he sleeps,

We from his nobler living take.

His level by the common law

Of frail Humanity he made :

There was no high nor low, he said,

And lived his saying more and more.

From a firm will that wrought in strife

Against the force of baser things,

Came the sweet sources of those springs

That murmured to his noble life.

Through superstition's veil he saw,

Through mists of creed and prejudice,

Infinite Love, and lived to bless

The workings of her perfect law.

This service to his memory

In token of the debt we owe

To the sweet life he led below

Whose life is now, O Lord, with Thee.

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

HEINRICH HEINE AND GERMANY.

HEINRICH HEINE is a name but little known among us, and that small acquaintance is chiefly with his poetry. Much as this deserves study and admiration, it presents but one side of his many-sided character, and that incomplete and unsatisfactory, for here among beds of roses and lilies he has mingled also the thistle, and as we look on, we are both attracted and repelled, and after all get only a glimpse of the poet's personality. To obtain our deepest knowledge of the man, we must look at him and his bearing in his life's mission, which was a noble and exalted one, and which too in a wider sense is a mission that concerns each one of us—Relief for the oppressed in his native land.

Germany was the last of modern powers to achieve national unity. While France and England had centuries ago developed into strong, centralized governments, Germany, poor, clergy-ridden, prince-ridden Germany, still lay slumbering in the darkness of the Middle Ages. But with the beginning of this century there seemed to come a change. In the West flared mightily that terrible blaze the French Revolution, flared and devoured, and its light, piercing even a little into the gloom across the Rhine, traced here and there broad streaks as of the dawn. Literature, Music, and Art, as in one May night it seemed, burst into blossom and the subtle soothing fragrance wafted abroad, stole into every man's heart. For the first time also, a desire for political unity was manifesting itself, and it grew and grew steadily, developing in 1814 into one of the most remarkable demonstrations in history, irresistibly sweeping the power of Napoleon back over the Rhine. But much as was expected of this enthusiasm which accomplished such brilliant exploits, it came to nothing. Having spent itself in talk and jubilee, it died with the suddenness of its appearance, and the thirty odd rulers of the thirty odd German states reigned on undisputed in their despotism as before the war of liberation,

quietly ignoring the promises they had made their subjects, when they needed their support against the conquering Bonaparte. At the beginning of this century then, it is evident that the German states were slowly, slowly developing themselves into a compact nation; the night was scattering, the dawn growing brighter. The German fatherland needed but a band of strong, resolute, unselfish men, who would stream the banner of light into the dark and noisome corners of philistinism, and the sun that had so long ago risen for other countries, would break through and scatter the gloom.

Heinrich Heine's childhood was passed on the banks of the Rhine amidst some of its rarest and richest scenery. Düsseldorf was the town of his birth, and with its romantic beauty and historic past it strongly nourished the impressionable boy's fine fancy. How he loved to roam along the green vine-clad hills of Father Rhine, or dream in lazy-hazy fashion amongst the ruins of one of his old castles! There he would sit in the caressing shade of the Linden trees in the Schlossgarten, all alone with kind nurse Nature, who in these sweet interviews revealed herself to the sympathetic and successful lad in all her manifold glory, touching into a silvery band the streaming Rhine, plashing music all unknown in the ripple of the fountain and filling the atmosphere with fairy forms to sport among the nooks and caverns of his fancy. But his life was not to flow along so gently for many years. One fine morning Napoleon and his army entered Düsseldorf and before he left had established there, French teachers, French laws, French institutions. Thus Heine when only eight years old was thrown into the closest relations with the leading people of the modern spirit. His fine-strung nature, over-enthusiastic, over-susceptible, immediately found its every string vibrating to the grand appeal of the French Revolution. Boyishly worshipping the heroic, he lifted Napoleon and all the leaders and actors in that grand final act of the Medieval Tragedy into the realm of the divine, and to be allowed to continue their great cause seemed to him the noblest use of life. The Brother-

hood of Man was the lesson, as he conceived it, of the French Revolution, and he resolved to continue the teaching of it to the oppressed multitudes he saw everywhere about him groveling in the darkness of philistinism, and in that generous impulse he enrolled himself among the children of the light. And to the standard of light, to the truth as he saw it, he stood faithful, be it said to his everlasting honor, not only in the glow of youth, but also in the days of age and palsy and suffering.

His first publication, which appeared soon after his graduation from the University of Göttingen, was "Pictures of Travel," a series of light and airy sketches, but with an undertone of deep significance. Immediately they created a tremendous sensation throughout Germany. Here was a novelty ; a German writer with an easy and a graceful style, scattering in a careless way, among the most beautiful descriptions of nature, the loftiest outbursts of poetry, the merriest bits of wit, a few grave truths about German shame and German misery. We must understand that it was no easy matter to speak such things before the public in that time, for a watchful and despotic government suppressed all writings that threatened in the least its views and interests. The young eagle's wings were thus sadly clipped. He was free and yet imprisoned. The best years of his life were wasting away and the great cause was not progressing. Suddenly in 1830, the drum of the July Revolution again aroused Europe, and Heine sickened and discouraged, saw opened before him a new field, green with hope and blossoming with the possibility of every activity. Without ado, he flew across the Jordan, as he laughingly calls the Rhine, to his long dreamt of Paris, the Jerusalem of the new faith to which he had pledged his service. Meanwhile had gathered here, scores and scores of his countrymen whom either enthusiasm like his own or political necessity had driven into exile. They opened their arms in welcome to receive the German poet, and he, burning with all his first ardor, rushed into their embrace. But immediately followed the recoil. Far off from the realities of the Revo-

lution, he had only seen it as a grand struggle for a principle, but now drawn up side-by-side and arm-in-arm with a band consisting mostly of cut-throats and fanatics, who always first of all gather to such an uprising, his delicate poet's nature felt a shock in its very foundation. What had such as he in common with these rough, rude, German bears, these most radical of Jacobins whose every word was an anathema against the aristocracy, and whose avowed purpose in life was the mowing down of the upper classes and the bathing of their country in a civil war? The universal republic as they conceived it was not for him; nor was for that naturally gentle man their radical prescription for the state of unending struggle and bloodshed. Quietly he withdrew from their company, and retired into himself, but still true to his principles, he henceforth directed all his energy, not to the blotting out, but to the reconstruction of the existing order of things; directed it to a compromise between the nobility and the people, by which they so long oppressed would become secure in their just and human rights. Unceasingly through the best part of his manhood his powerful artillery kept thundering against the bulwarks of feudalism, and when at last he was thrown on his "mattress-grave" to suffer there the tortures of disease through eight long years, doomed never to see the green fields he loved, and to breath the fresh air, still he waved on high the sword of his life-cause and sang the song of battle. His faults (and he had many) are forgotten in the presence of that last devotion. There in a scantily furnished room of a Paris tenement lay our exiled soldier, shattered and shrivelled in body, longing to die, looking so weary with that pale wan face, and those large, childish, knowing eyes, only brightening into life and vigor now and then as his great mission flashed through his being and the thunder leaped to his tongue.

All honor to him for this rare devotion, but let us not for this overlook that Heine was imperfect, that his understanding of his mission was imperfect too. The born poet who comes among us to revel in beauty, to interpret

nature to man, is suddenly turned to the more serious question of the relation of man to his fellow. By the limitation of his talents, reason becomes subordinate to feeling and he constructs the whole fabric of his philosophy with prime reference to beauty and to form. He strove, it is true, in the spirit of the nineteenth century, for progress, for enlightenment, but restlessly, superficially he investigated the great problems of life, and failed to find those broad general truths, which are, though often hid in rubbish, the foundation of human society. We must, and we can only admire him for his unselfish devotion to what was truth to him; among the teachers, among the leaders of mankind, he will never have a place. "He was," says Mathew Arnold, "a brilliant soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity," and that is all.

What positive and palpable good he accomplished for his native land is hard to tell exactly. He did not live to see the compromise he had struggled for effected, or any of his purposes achieved, but he certainly helped give Germany that spirit of unity which made it possible for it to assume its new relations in 1871, so quietly and so completely. But is that all he has done? The sad reflection steals over us—has the man of such varied and such unusual powers become no greater force in modern history? Was he not the sweetest of poets, whose songs seem to bubble up from his heart, like the water from the fountain; the most elegant of wits, whose quaint sayings send shivers of delight through our frame; the master of prose; and above all, the master of feeling and every deepest emotion;—was he all this, and yet to-day, only thirty-two years after his death, is his influence on human life hardly traceable? Strange all this may seem, but the explanation lies at hand. This rare plant in the garden of German Literature in its short season, burst into many blossoms, beautiful, it is true, and sweet, but could it have lent all its strength to one grand aim and purpose, a flower might have crowned its efforts, beaming with a loveliness and power unsurpassed.

Ferdinand Schwill.

A MODERN VICTIM OF THE INQUISITION.

I CHANCED one day to overhear a professor and a man of business discussing, from the meagre and unstable stand-point of human knowledge and experience, the laws and disorders of the mind. It was only after I had lost, by some ten minutes of covert participation in their thoughts, all sentiment of strangerhood as between them and me, that the conversation turned upon the theory of Bishop Berkeley that all things are existent only in the presentation of our senses. The professor was preparing himself to give, with suitable care and refinement of definition, the latest opinions of the German metaphysicians, when his companion, being ambitious to cast what light he could upon so dark and intricate a subject, and being further gifted with a firm belief in the supremacy of fact over theory, forestalled the coming utterance of laborious wisdom with a question. "Professor," said he, smiling at the shade of disappointment which passed over the features of the learned man, "I should greatly like to know whether the testimony which a man of affairs like myself could bring would have weight enough to settle a disputed point or introduce a new factor into the problem of consciousness." Then seeing that the professor was struggling between the horns of a dilemma he generously came to his assistance. "Perhaps," he proceeded, "you may be better able to decide when you have heard the experience for which I am desirous of so high a dignity." The Professor, with much forbearance and politeness, urged the immediate relation of the story, being not without the hope, I fancied, that he should find occasion to avenge the untimely suppression of his careful phrases by declaring that the circumstances of the other's narrative were easily within the limits of his own experience.

"The occurrence which I am about to lay before you," said the man of affairs, "was a consequence of that famous Black Friday which let loose so vast a swarm of calamities

upon the commerce of our country. The crisis of the panic had passed without affecting the solidity of the business in which I was at that time engaged, and there was every reason to believe that with luck and good management it would survive the day. But the reverses of fortune have no law, unless it be this very lack of any. The circumstances of my failure, however, have only this of interest to the present purpose ; I was greatly worn by the battle, and the reaction, when at length I lost all hope, was very violent.

" I live, as you may have learned, at a distance of several miles beyond the outermost limits of the city, and the house which I have called my home for some twenty years had, at the time of which I speak, no lodger but myself. On the night of Black Friday I was at home and alone, as was my habit, and in the great rage and anguish which possessed me I seized upon the book which lay nearest to my hand, and began to read. I turned many pages before I became conscious of any meaning in the words that passed before my eyes. When at last I began to read intelligently, I recognized the volume I had taken as Poe's Prose Tales. The story to which the turning of the leaves had brought me was very familiar, yet one strange feature of it seized upon me to the exclusion of all others. Now it seems to me the one salient point, and I wonder that I ever could have overlooked it. The hero, or rather let me say the victim, in the awful dungeons of the Inquisition is always under the secret watch of his enemies. He sees no man, he hears neither voice nor step, but he knows that somewhere an eye is fixed upon him, an ear hears every breath he draws. He cannot be alone. When I began the story I was gloomy and exhausted. The brightness of my hearth met no reciprocating kindness in my heart. The comfort of all things was gone. An importunate desire for company seized upon me. I would have welcomed eagerly the man I hated most. Even the presence of a cat would have been an immeasurable relief. An evening visit from a neighbor was not a common thing with me, but neither was it un-

known. I began vaguely to weigh the chances for and against a visit. I fell to stopping at every period to listen for the sound of footsteps. The house was very still. I started nervously at the creaking of a board on the stairway, and stared almost expectantly about the room, dwelling on the dark corners with a sort of mental bravado. The room seemed less familiar than it did an hour before. The air was lifeless and oppressive. I was afraid lest something should break in upon the stillness. So I read on, the growing horror in my mind springing eagerly to grasp at any dreadful thing. I had a feeling that I was being watched, and gave myself vast trouble to act naturally, that the watcher might not know himself detected. The sense of some awful companionship grew every moment stronger. I strove to look behind my chair and durst not. I tried to be assured that there was nothing there, and yet I knew there was, and then of a sudden I could not choose but look. And as I rose and turned a chair—an empty chair—drew upon itself the utmost concentration of my attention. I refused to acknowledge to myself that it was not empty, and yet gradually, with the steady progress of the inevitable, I thought I saw, then knew I saw, a dim, uncertain outline in the chair. Slowly it grew from a vague haze to the clearness and solidity of living flesh, with the firelight playing on it. The dread that filled me was in some strange way physical, and I was free enough in mind to notice every detail of the apparition. The figure in the chair was clothed in a shapeless garment of gray, girt about the middle with a cord. On its feet were sandals. The right hand held a crucifix; the left was clenched upon an ivory heart. There was a peaked cowl upon its head, and the opening of the cowl was toward me. The figure had no face. I cannot describe to you the horror of the moment when the conviction burned itself in upon my senses that the spectre had no face. What there was within the hollow cowl I do not know. The space was neither filled nor empty. I could not take my eyes away from it. It seemed like an abyss full to the brim of death, and crime, and infinite hate.

It was alive and yet unutterably dead. If ever a man saw a lost soul from the pit he saw no more and nothing worse than I did then. It held me motionless, my whole life looking through my eyes. I tell you it was awful! I would have given my life for the power to move so much as my eyelids and shut it out. I felt my very reason giving way—I knew that I was going mad. The clock struck. The sound freed me. I whirled around and back as suddenly. I shrieked aloud, and seized a metal vase and hurled it at the figure. I screamed with frantic laughter as I saw it strike the crucifix and fall ringing to the floor, and then a merciful unconsciousness came over me and I lay in the swoon till far into the next day. When I came to myself the sunlight streaming through the window fell upon the empty chair, and near it lay the vase. I went to it and picked it up, and saw, stamped deep into the yielding metal, the impression of a crucifix."

So ran the story. I could not wait to hear the judgment of the professor, and therefore I must leave you free to form your own opinion. For myself, I have none.

Gifford Pinchot.

NOTABILIA.

FOR something over half a century our Saint—we cannot give up this personification of that which we hold so high—has consented to an annual burst of hope and promise from the new friends he has chosen for his spokesmen. But less of our personal expectation and purpose, I think, he is asking of us now and more of our conception of what this work is which we have taken up, in what form its ideal is cast, and how we hope to come nearer to that ideal; in a word, what we think this YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE means and should mean to our college world. And in a word we would say, we believe it should be the vehicle of the highest thought of our

University student life and the representative of its best expression. It is the one common center, not only in the college press but more broadly in the college life about which the thinking elements of that life may gather, and how far it realizes the possibilities of that position, is a responsibility that lies much less with any single board of editors than with the great body of earnest, thinking men always among us. We need not then again call attention to that simple substitution on the cover of our magazine, some six months ago, by which the LIT. tried to take its true position in this same *University* life. We are waiting now for those to come forward who are thus brought within our call, and who can help and perhaps be helped in this common work. Nor need we spend much time, we think, as we address our contributors from this platform, in passing the usual and well deserved sentence on "Poole's Index Literature," if we may use an easily intelligible phrase, and in fact on every form of pure literary hack work. That which comes of your own honest effort, and better yet that which comes from your own heart, we ask for. It is that which the college likes to read. It will do you good to find it out and tell it. And in this line do we especially appeal to all who have the gift for or feel an impulse toward poetic expression. Those feelings and experiences that seem sometimes to elude the easiest grace or strongest vigor of prose are the very ones which best show the inner life. This department of our magazine has not yet been all that it may be. Yet for the reasons that we have given, the LIT. best fulfills its purpose when its poetry is strong and genuine. And there can not be too much of good poetry on its pages.

As it has always been the hope of LIT. editors to find a more thoughtful body of readers, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we noted the able criticism in the *News* of the last number of this magazine. We trust it marks a more earnest critical spirit in the college at large.

PERHAPS it is useless to cry out against our fate. We admit that there seems no probability that anything will change the decree of the Corporation that places the handsomest and perhaps best equipped building on the Campus in exactly that location which is worst adapted for it, which invades the lecture and recitation hour with curb-stone gossip and the rattle and rumpus of the busiest of New Haven streets, fed by a hotel on the one side and a theater on the other, and which will practically and, it seems to us, very prematurely lose us our Fence. And we know what this loss would be. It is hard to exaggerate the important part the Fence plays here. Put good times and happy memories aside, even put aside thoughts of friendships formed and strengthened under its close associations, it still stands as the best exponent of that great freedom of social life, that democratic spirit, which means so much for every one of us, and which has had such an influence on Yale. Forgive this last, long wail, which is only everyone's wail and has been since last October. We meant only to remind the college that the Corporation meets again next month, and if there is one chance in no matter how many hundred of making a change, and we think it worth while to make the effort for it, we must do our work within the next few weeks. We must "speak now or forever after hold our peace." And perhaps if we only speak there will be some satisfaction in it.

WE wish to publish the LIT. as early in the month as possible. We therefore warn our contributors that their work for the next number will be due very early in the month.

WE announce the resignation of Mr. Griggs from the Financial Editorship of the LIT. and the election of Mr. Welch to the vacancy. For the remainder of this term, however, that office will be retained by Mr. Fellowes and subscriptions to the '89 Board will begin with the first number of the next college year.

PORTFOLIO.

ARBUTUS.

When the snows with daily grieving, wasted thin, are scant of tears,
When the heart in each to-morrow seeks again the Hope of years,

When the Robin from the maple sends a message east and west
For the sun to shine more brightly since he shines upon his nest,

Then I know where, ever waiting, smiles a hillside, bending low
Tenderly to hold its treasures where the warmer breezes blow.

There are jewels past comparing; pure of heart, ye only may
Find the fullness of their beauty bright'ning towards the Perfect Day.

B. F. C.

—As art is a manner of expressing thought, fully as much as language, it is extremely interesting to note the impressions produced on two artists by one of the grandest poems that has ever been written. The works of Dante are an extremely fertile field for illustration, and many scenes and incidents from them have been illustrated by different artists, but the only two who have any claim to explaining and rendering more clear the thoughts of the writer, are Flaxman and Doré. Two artists more entirely different can scarcely be imagined, and yet each is perfectly fitted for the work. Flaxman's creations are exact, carefully studied, skilfully grouped, ideal representations of the human figure, the work of a most conscientious and talented sculptor. Doré's, full of life and motion, often, it is true, showing faulty drawing, but conceived with such power and feeling, show the touch of a great moralist. From a purely artistic point of view, there is no doubt but that the drawings of Flaxman are superior to those of Doré. Byron says, "Flaxman has translated Dante best for he has translated it into the universal language of nature." Byron never saw the illustrations by Doré, and we cannot help thinking that they would have had a peculiar charm for him because of his wild and unfettered imagination, and his delineation of "The crags that are wild and majestic," for which he expresses so ardent an admiration in his poems. Flaxman's drawings are essentially those of a sculptor; the skillful arrangement of single figures or groups of two or three, the wonderful knowledge of the human form, and familiarity with anatomy show the sculptor's practiced hand. But as a sculptor he must be content without

light and shade, and the accessories of atmosphere and landscape, of which Doré so well understands the effective use, and for this reason the former's plates lose somewhat of their effect when placed beside those of the latter. Flaxman's small groups are most skilfully arranged, but when he treats large numbers he seems to us to fall short of his usual high standard. Doré, on the other hand, is in his element in the handling of countless myriads, there is a rush and movement and force in his treatment of vast multitudes that can hardly be surpassed. His wonderful management of *chiaroscuro* produces effects which are ineffaceable, and his portrayal of human suffering and anguish is unapproachable. If ever a man was fitted to depict the horrors of Hell, that man was Doré, and he has well carried out his task. Both these artists have skilfully interpreted the meaning of the poet, each after his own fashion, and these illustrations have become so incorporated with the poem that no one considers himself a thorough student of Dante until he has made himself familiar with them. E. T.

—In that University of the Future, which exists in the imagination of us all, the changed relation of the student and professor will mark perhaps more than anything else the change in the intellectual life of the institution. The progress which has been made in the science of teaching during the last few years is quite in keeping with the advance made in other sciences. One who has read President White's LIT. article on "Yale in '53" can appreciate Mr. Depew's envy of the Freshman of to-day and his advantages. Then, in his little box the teacher sat, pencil in hand, and mind alert to find what mistakes the student made in his syntax and parsing. The literary masterpieces of Greek and Latin were to him so much material for gymnastics of the memory in construction and inflection; and what attention he could spare from "drilling" his students was fully taken up in deciding what fraction of one each recitation was worth. Cicero, Horace, Homer, Thucydides, all shared the same fate—were *parsed* inside out but were *studied* not at all. And at the final reckoning the student with the great memory received his reward—perhaps a valedictory oration in the presence of his admiring family; or a mathematical prize valued at one dollar; or possibly a place on the Junior Exhibition.

All this was brought to my mind by an interesting talk with

a wise and open-minded professor in one of our great schools, on the evils of "ponying." His condemnation of the use of such help was exceedingly severe. He claimed that it was dishonest; that it was destructive to scholarship and to all literary discernment, and that it shut one out from the immense literary benefit derived from translating rapidly into good English. He admitted, however, that the classics should be studied in college for literature and not for drill, and later, when he came to read that "exquisite masterpiece," "The Antigone," the impossibility of translating the spirit of it into "college English" was painfully apparent. And now to come back: In that new university it will seem a better thing for the student to have caught the Greek spirit or the Latin spirit—by the appreciative study of the literatures—than to have ever so exact a knowledge of the syntax and inflections. And in that infinitely more difficult task the teacher will be more of a leader, a stimulator, a *provocator*, than of a monitor and an accountant in fractions. We have room to grow at Yale yet. The question of "ponying" loses itself in this larger question of teaching. So long as the text is made the subject of drill questioning upon grammar just so long surely will the student consider it a stupid task and seek to lighten it. But when the richness of its thought; the beauty of its style; the romance of its history are subjects of study, then for some at least the bad English of the "trot" will lose its fascination, and teacher and student will together work enthusiastically for the same end.

F. I. P.

—At a first reading, I think many of us are inclined to find fault with George Eliot for the self-renunciation, the almost excessive conscientiousness, which we find in her books. There is so much sadness there which might have been omitted, so much self-sacrifice which seems to do others no good, and at best brings to the one who makes the sacrifice a dull, passive resignation, very different from positive joy—a sort of negative happiness such as might be felt by one who had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs and had nothing more to fear. Why have such a tender conscience, such a rigid sense of what we owe to others, we are tempted to ask, if it brings with it nothing but mourning and lamentation? We can almost imagine her, when given the choice between two courses, each equally good and worthy, the one bringing happiness and

peace, the other pain and sorrow—it was Maggie's refusal of Stephen that suggested this to me—deliberately choosing the darker pathway, as if with a fierce determination to partake as sparingly of the sweets of life as possible. And yet, it is because of this very self-forgetfulness that we, too, can forget ourselves, receiving strength and inspiration from her pages, and rise above the selfishness which surrounds us. Take this away and you have taken away at once the germ and substance of her power. No, I would not have it altered. It was a part of her own nature, for like poor Maggie Tulliver she was ever filled with the same "wide, hopeless yearning for that something, whatever it was, that was greatest and best on this earth," and in her own way was she carrying on the search. H. O.

—On the crest of a gently sloping hill just without the cathedral town of Canterbury stands the little stone church of St. Martin's encircled by a few scattered tombstones dating far back into the past. The dull grey of the walls is relieved in places by delicate clusters of moss which nestle confidently in many a quiet corner, while here and there an oblong patch of dull red imbedded in the thick masonry betokens to the antiquarian the work of the Roman artisan who has repaired the crumbling walls with his sun-baked brick of clay. Every Sabbath morn a handful of pious worshipers assemble here, in the "mother church of England," as it is called, and join in a chant which perhaps Augustine sang on this spot thirteen hundred years before, for it was here that the good monk first preached Christianity to the fierce islanders and baptized his earliest converts. A humble and insignificant beginning this, one is inclined to think, but as he turns to retrace his steps, he beholds but a short distance off in the town below, the spires of the magnificent cathedral which is the chief seat of the Church of England, and then first he realizes how richly the seed planted here has borne fruit. Thus the storm-beaten old church in the quaint little town which Chaucer has made so famous by his "Tales" seems a living force, typifying the results of the life-work of the noble missionary who, taking his life in his hands, left Rome, to care for the spiritual interests of the land of his adoption. A small beginning, truly, but as we turn over the pages of history and read the story of any great movement in the world's progress, no fact stands out so prominently as the growth of small beginnings.

J. D. J.

—In a study of Coleridge it is interesting to compare the two brighter periods of his life and to observe to how great an extent he finally succeeded in overcoming the power which the use of opiates had long held over him. Surely that is a fair comparison that can be drawn, on the one hand, from his disposition as seen in the poems of his twenty-sixth year, and, on the other hand, from his *Table Talk* of thirty years later. At twenty-six he was cheerful and possessed of a beautiful poetic impulse, but from that time on until he was over fifty, his life did not again brighten for him. And of this latter period, though its history is not at all times clear, we have sufficient proof to take the privilege of considering it as something of a reawakening to his former powers. In his prime, his poems, weird and delighting, make no actual impressions, for they seem to lack the definite purpose that was to be expected from so fine a poet-philosopher; in his later life, his ruminating *Table-Talk* with all its wide learning also lacks a purpose.

Though at twenty-six he was a great poet, his poetry was unsatisfactory and beneath the lofty level of the great powers he undoubtedly possessed. The quiet poet, the bashful admirer in *Love* is far different from the strange and fearful *Ancient Mariner*, whom not only the wedding guest but every reader "fears." The superstitious theme, the fine mad ending, cause the dread of something strangely supernatural and approach nearest to what Coleridge seemed in thought to be. *Christabel*, the witchery by daylight, the natural-supernatural idea, is brighter. But Coleridge thirty years later, after the long and trying ordeal through which he had passed—what was he then? Older and long estranged from wife and family, he of course had little of that former gallantry in love. Again, the beautiful conception of the force of purity, and the vividness of a madman's rhyme were in a great measure gone. At one time his acuteness and exactness, at another his profoundness, and again his loftiness, showed him a vast man. The kind admonisher, the powerful lecturer, the earnest legislator and churchman, the eloquent man of thought, argument and decision, was assuredly a vast man. The clear stream of his rhyming talent had disappeared beneath the surface, to slowly filter through till in later years it entered into the boundless ocean of his mind.

H. P.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Annual Lit. Supper

Occurred at Redcliffe's, March 26. The invited guests present were Mr. Trumbull, '83; Messrs. Elliot, Pierson, Woolen, '86; Messrs. Gates, Phelps, Woodward, '87; Messrs. Brinsmade, Cooley, Haight, Hurd, Neave, Ripley, Woodward, '88; and Mr. Pinchot, '89.

TOAST LIST.

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| St. Elihu, | W. Trumbull. |
| "None but himself can be his parallel."— <i>Theobald</i> . | |
| Retiring Board, | H. R. Griffith. |
| "Glide in modest innocence away."— <i>Johnson</i> . | |
| Incoming Board, | H. W. Wells. |
| "If there be an Elysium on earth it is this."— <i>Moore</i> . | |
| The Blizzard, | F. L. Woodward. |
| "The mighty wind arrises, roaring."— <i>Tennyson</i> . | |
| An E. C., | M. R. Waite, Jr. |
| "He multiplieth words without knowledge."— <i>Book of Job</i> . | |
| Song, | G. S. Woodward. |
| "Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to
Cynthia howls, and makes night hideous."— <i>Pope</i> . | |
| The Bi-Weeklies, | Charles Neave. |
| "Books that you may carry to the fire."— <i>Johnson</i> . | |
| The Fair Ones, | T. E. Ripley. |
| "Long experience made him sage."— <i>Gay</i> . | |
| Our Guests, | W. B. Brinsmade. |
| "Wonder how the devil they got there."— <i>Pope</i> . | |
| Infinity Talking to Itself, | E. C. Fellowes. |
| "The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."— <i>Pope</i> . | |
| The Burnished Dove, | J. F. Carter. |
| "One vast, substantial smile."— <i>Dickens</i> . | |

The Glee and Banjo Club's Southern Trip,

Which included concerts at Orange, N. J., Old Point Comfort, Hampton, Washington, Baltimore, and Brooklyn, was most successful both socially and musically. One of its pleasantest features was a reception in Washington at the house of Secretary Whitney, Yale, '63.

The Apollo Club

Gave concerts during the vacation, at Charleston, Whitinsville, Worcester, Brockton, and Newton, Mass., and at Bath, Me.

The Nine's Easter Trip

Began with a game with University of Pennsylvania, March 30.

YALE.						UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.					
	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 3b.,	0	1	0	1	2	Updegrove, 3b.,	1	1	1	1	0
McConkey, 2b.,	0	2	2	0	0	Seyfert, r. f.,	0	1	0	0	0
Calhoun, r. f.,	0	0	1	0	0	Nellins, 2b.,	0	0	1	0	2
Dann, c.,	0	0	12	1	2	McPherson, 1b.,	0	2	9	1	0
Hunt, c. f.,	1	0	1	1	2	Hamme, c. f.,	1	0	2	1	0
Noyes, s. s.,	0	2	1	2	1	Swift, c.,	0	1	9	3	1
McBride, 1 b.,	1	0	7	0	1	Hyneman, p.,	0	0	0	10	8
Dalzell, p.,	0	0	0	12	3	List, s. s.,	0	0	0	3	1
Walker, l. f.,	2	0	3	0	0	Faries, l. f.,	0	1	1	0	0
Total,	4	5	27	17	11	Total,	2	6	23	19	12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Univ. of Pennsylvania,	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Yale,	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	x—4

Total base hits: U. of P., 6; Yale, 6. Stolen bases: U. of P., 2; Yale, 6. Left on bases: U. of P., 7; Yale, 3. Struck out: U. of P., 12; Yale, 7. Double plays: U. of P., 2; Yale, 1. Wild pitches: Hyneman, 4; Dalzell, 2. Passed balls: Swift, 2; Dann, 1. Time, 2.30.

Yale vs. Athletics:

At Philadelphia, March 31.

YALE.						ATHLETICS.					
	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	0	0	0	6	8	Poorman, r. f.,	1	1	0	0	0
McConkey, 2b.,	1	1	1	1	1	Lyons, 3b.,	6	2	0	0	1
Calhoun, 3b.,	2	1	1	4	3	Sullivan, l. f.,	4	2	1	0	0
Dann, c.,	0	2	3	2	1	Gleason, s. s.,	4	6	1	2	1
Hunt, c. f.,	1	3	1	0	1	Larkin, 1b.,	2	0	12	1	0
Noyes, s. s.,	0	1	3	1	2	Welch, c. f.,	3	3	0	0	0
Heyworth, l. f.,	0	0	3	0	2	Gunning, c.,	2	2	11	3	1
McClintock, r. f.,	0	0	2	0	3	Bauer, 2b.,	1	3	2	2	0
McBride, 1b.,	0	0	12	1	1	Mattimore, p.,	2	1	0	15	0
Total,	4	8	26	15	22	Total,	25	20	27	23	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletics,	4	6	1	0	4	0	5	2	3—25
Yale,	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—4

Runs earned: Athletics, 6; Yale, 2. Total base hits: Athletics, 31; Yale, 10. Left on bases: Athletics, 8; Yale, 6. First on errors: Athletics, 6; Yale, 1. Wild pitches: Stagg, 2; Mattimore, 1. Passed balls: Gunning, 3; Dann, 2. Time, 2.15.

Yale vs. New York :

At the Polo Grounds, April 2.

YALE.						NEW YORK.					
R.	1B.	P.	A.	E.		R.	1B.	P.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p.,	1	0	0	10	5	Connor, 1b.,	1	1	8	0	0
McConkey, 2b.,	1	1	1	3	1	O'Rourke, c. f.,	2	2	0	0	0
Calhoun, r. f.,	1	3	1	0	0	Ewing, 3b., c.,	1	0	11	2	2
Dann, c.,	0	0	10	0	1	Richardson, 2b.,	1	1	2	2	0
Hunt, c. f.,	0	0	1	1	0	Troy, r. f.,	0	1	1	0	0
Noyes, s. s.,	0	2	2	4	2	Fitzgerald, c., 3b.,	1	1	1	4	2
McBride, 1b.,	0	0	7	1	0	Gerhardt, s. s.,	0	0	3	2	2
Walker, l. f.,	0	1	2	0	0	Weidman, l. f.,	0	1	1	0	1
McClintock, 3b.,	0	0	3	2	1	Welch, p.,	0	0	0	15	2
Total,	3	7	27	21	10	Total,	6	7	27	25	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
New York,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—6
Yale,	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—3

Earned runs: New York, 4. First on errors: New York, 7; Yale, 6.
 Stolen bases: New York, 5; Yale, 5. Wild pitches: Stagg, 2. Time, 2.07.

Yale vs. Newark :

At Newark, April 3.

YALE.						NEWARK.					
R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, s. s.,	3	3	1	0	3	Coogan, r. f.,	2	3	0	0	0
McConkey, 2b.,	0	1	1	4	0	Johnson, l. f.,	2	0	2	0	1
Calhoun, r. f.,	1	1	1	0	0	Casey, c. f.,	1	2	1	0	0
Dann, 3b.,	2	0	2	0	1	Jones, 3b.,	1	0	3	0	0
Hunt, c. f.,	1	3	3	1	1	Fields, 1b.,	1	2	9	1	3
Osborn, 1b.,	0	2	9	0	0	Sullivan, c.,	1	1	0	0	0
McBride, c.,	0	1	9	1	2	McGraw, 2b.,	1	0	1	2	1
Heyworth, p.,	0	0	0	11	8	Smith, s. s.,	2	1	1	4	0
Walker, l. f.,	0	1	1	0	0	Dooms, p.,	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	7	12	27	17	15	Collins, c.,	1	1	9	6	1
						Baker, p.,	1	1	0	10	3
						Total,	12	11	26	23	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newarks,	0	5	2	2	0	2	0	0	1—12
Yale,	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	1—7

Earned runs: Newark, 3; Yale, 3. Stolen bases: Newark, 9; Yale, 8.
 Base on errors: Newark, 12; Yale, 4. Left on bases: Newark, 10; Yale, 5.
 Struck out: Newark, 8; Yale, 7. Passed balls: Collins, 2; McBride, 6.
 Wild pitches: Heyworth, 4. Time, 2.30.

Yale vs. New York :

At the Polo Grounds, April 4.

	YALE.						NEW YORK.				
	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 3b., p.,	1	1	1	1	1	Connor, 1b.,	3	3	11	0	1
McConkey, 2b.,	0	2	5	2	3	O'Rourke, c. f.,	2	2	0	0	0
Calhoun, s. s.,	1	1	1	1	3	Ewing, 3b.,	4	4	3	1	0
Dann, c.,	1	1	9	2	1	Richardson, 2b.,	3	5	3	3	1
Hunt, c. f.,	2	2	1	2	1	Troy, l. f.,	1	3	2	0	0
Osborn, 1b.,	0	1	4	0	0	Duffy, c.,	1	3	7	4	2
Dalzell, p., 3b.,	2	2	1	5	2	Becannon, s. s.,	1	0	1	4	1
N. McClintock, l.f.	1	1	2	0	2	Sheffler, p.,	1	1	0	9	3
G. McClintock, r.f.	2	2	2	0	0	Weidman, p.,	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Welch, p., r. f.,	1	1	0	1	1
Total,	10	13	26	13	13	Totals,	17	22	27	22	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
New York,	6	3	3	1	1	0	1	2	0—17
Yale,	0	0	1	3	0	3	0	0	3—10

Earned runs: New York, 6; Yale, 6. First base by errors: New York, 7; Yale, 6. First base on balls: New York 1; Yale, 3. Struck out: New York, 4; Yale, 3. Left on bases: New York, 9; Yale, 7. Three base hits: Calhoun, Hunt. Two base hits: Richardson, G. McClintock. Double plays: Scheffler, Becannon and Connor; Hunt and Dann; McConkey and Osborn. Hit by pitcher: McClintock, Becannon. Wild pitches: Stagg, 2. Passed balls: Dann, 2; Duffy, 2. Umpire, Mr. Pearce. Time, 2.20.

Yale vs. Brooklyn :

At Washington Park, April 7.

	YALE.							BROOKLYN.							
	R.	A. B.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.	R.	A. B.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p.,	1	4	2	1	0	8	0	Pinkney, 3b.,	0	5	0	0	1	0	1
McConkey, 2b.,	0	4	1	0	1	4	1	McClellan, 2b.,	0	4	1	2	3	1	0
Calhoun, r. f.,	1	4	1	1	1	0	0	Orr, 1b.,	1	4	0	0	14	1	0
Dann, c.,	1	4	1	0	4	2	2	O'Brien, l. f.,	3	3	2	2	0	0	0
Hunt, c. f.,	0	3	0	0	2	1	1	Radford, c. f.,	2	4	0	2	1	0	0
Noyes, s. s.,	0	4	0	0	1	0	1	Silch, r. f.,	0	4	2	1	1	1	0
Walker, l. f.,	0	3	1	1	2	0	0	Smith, s. s.,	0	4	0	2	2	5	0
Poole, 3b.,	0	3	0	1	0	0	2	Foutz, Caruthers							
McBride, 1b.,	0	3	0	0	13	1	1	and Mays, p.,	1	3	0	1	0	12	1
								Puples, Bushong							
Total,	3	32	6	4	24	15	8	and Holbert, c. i	1	3	0	0	5	5	
								Total,	8	34	5	10	27	25	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Brooklyn,	0	1	0	1	4	1	1	0	x—8

Struck out: Yale, 9; Brooklyn, 4. Passed balls: Yale, 2; Brooklyn, 1. Wild pitches: Stagg, 1. Double plays: McBride to Noyes; Hunt to McBride; Silch to Orr. First base on balls: Yale, 3; Brooklyn, 4. Hit by ball: Radford. Two base hits: McConkey and Silch. Three base hits: O'Brien. Umpire, Ferguson. Time, 2 hours.

The University Tennis Association

Held its annual meeting on the evening of April 10. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, R. W. Huntington, Jr., '89; Vice-President, L. Howard, '89 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. P. Ball, '90.

Yale vs. Boston:

At the Yale Field, April 11.

YALE.								BOSTON.							
A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p.,	2	3	1	3	1	6	2	Kelly, c.,	5	2	2	1	7	4	2
McConkey, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	0	1	1	Wise, s. s.,	5	1	1	1	0	2	2
Calhoun, r. f.,	5	0	0	0	2	0	0	Sutton, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	5	3	1
Hunt, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Nash, 2b.,	4	2	3	1	3	4	0
Dann, c.,	4	0	1	0	9	2	1	Morrell, 1b.,	5	1	1	0	10	0	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	0	0	1	2	2	2	Hornung, l. f.,	5	1	3	2	1	0	0
Walker, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1	Johnston, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
McBride, 1b.,	2	2	0	2	5	0	0	Brown, r. f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Dalzell, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	2	0	1	Clarkson, p.,	4	1	1	0	0	10	5
Total,	34	6	5	9	24	11	8	Total,	40	10	14	8	27	23	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0—6
Boston,	3	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	x—10

Earned runs: Yale, 2; Boston, 7. Base on balls: Yale, 4; Boston, 2. Struck out: Yale, 8; Boston, 5. Two base hits: Dann, Kelly and Clarkson. Three base hit: Hornung. Home run: Nash. Passed balls: Yale, 1; Boston, 2. Hit by pitched ball: McBride. Umpire, Kelly. Time, 2 hours.

Yale vs. Holyoke:

At the Yale Field, April 16.

YALE.								HOLYOKE.									
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Stagg, 3b.,	6	3	3	4	4	1	0	2	Dowd, l. f.,	5	1	1	1	1	4	3	2
McConkey, 2b,	6	2	2	4	1	2	3	1	Downing, 2b.,	5	0	2	2	0	3	1	1
Calhoun, r. f.,	6	3	2	2	3	0	0	1	Moriarty, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	5
Hunt, c. f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	Sullivan, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	0	2	1	2
Dann, c.,	6	2	1	1	2	8	2	0	O'Neill, 1b.,	2	2	0	0	0	7	1	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	4	3	3	7	2	3	1	O'Rourke, c.,	4	1	1	1	0	4	1	13
Walker, l. f.,	5	4	5	8	3	1	0	0	Sheedy, r. f.,	4	1	2	2	0	1	0	2
McBride, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	1	11	0	0	Webber, c. f.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	0	3
Dalzell, p.,	5	3	1	1	3	2	11	5	Morton, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	3	2
Total,	48	23	18	24	24	27	19	11	Total,	35	7	7	7	2	24	15	30

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	2	7	0	0	2	6	2	4	x—23
Holyoke,	0	4	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—7

Passed balls: Dowd, 6; O'Neill, 5. Wild pitches: Dalzell, 1; Moriarty, 1. Left on bases: Yale, 7; Holyoke, 5. Two base hits: Stagg. Three base hits: McConkey. Home run: Walker. Earned runs: Yale, 6; Holyoke, 1. Umpire, James Kelly. Time, 2.30.

The Ohio Club Supper

Was held at Redcliffe's, April 16. The list of toasts was as follows :

The Ohio Club,	C. Neave.
"Surer to prosper than prosperity Could have assured us."— <i>Milton</i> .	
Sister Clubs,	S. J. Walker.
"A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship."— <i>Frere</i> .	
St. Elihu,	E. C. Fellowes.
"Déep versed in books and shallow in himself."— <i>Milton</i> .	
The Porkopolis,	S. H. Fisher.
"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."— <i>Mason</i> .	
Our Guests,	H. R. Griffith.
"Be to their virtues very kind, Be to their faults a little blind."— <i>Prior</i> .	
The Ladies,	W. B. Brinsmade.
"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, Here's to the widow of fifty, Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen, And here's to the housewife that's thrifty."— <i>Milton</i> .	
The Athlete,	W. H. Seward.
"O, it is excellent To have a giant's strength."— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	

Yale vs. Bridgeport :

At the Yale Field, April 18.

YALE.									BRIDGEPORT.										
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Stagg, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	12	3	Cunng'm, l.f.	5	0	0	0	0	2	1	0		
McConkey, 2,5	1	0	0	1	2	1	2	3	O'Brien, s. s.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	2	2		
Calh'n, r.f., s.,5	3	3	3	4	2	0	0	0	Sworbach, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	6	5		
Hunt, c. f.,	2	3	1	3	2	1	0	0	Strittmatter,c.4	1	0	0	0	5	3	3			
Dann, c.,	5	2	2	5	0	11	1	1	Schaub, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	4	2	0		
Noyes, s. s.,	4	1	3	3	2	0	1	1	Williams, 2b.,3	0	0	0	0	3	0	4			
Walker, l. f.,	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Strittmatter,1,4	0	0	0	0	7	1	1			
McBride, 1b.,4	1	2	3	0	8	1	1	1	Jockman, r.f.,	4	0	2	2	0	2	0	1		
Dalzell, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	Lovett, p.,r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0		
Poole, r. f.,	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0											
Total,	39	11	12	18	12	27	16	8	Total,	33	1	3	3	0	27	15	16		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	5	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	2—11
Bridgeport,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs earned: Yale, 6. First base on errors: Yale, 8; Bridgeport, 6. First base on called balls: Yale, 4; Bridgeport, 3. Struck out: Yale, 4; Bridgeport, 7. Passed balls: Dann, 1; Strittmatter, 2. Left on bases: Yale, 3; Bridgeport, 8. Two base hits: Dann, McBride. Three base hits: Dann, Hunt. Double plays: Bridgeport, 2. Umpire, James Kelly. Time, 1.50.

A Meeting of the Yale Navy

Was held in Alumni Hall, April 18. Officers were chosen for the ensuing year as follows : President, L. T. Snipe, '89 ; Vice-President, J. A. Hartwell, '89 S. ; Assistant Treasurers, C. H. Hamill, '90, and T. R. Field, '89 S. ; Secretary, R. F. Harrison, '90 ; Treasurer, Prof. A. M. Wheeler, '57 ; Auditing Committee, Prof. E. L. Richards, Prof. W. H. Brewer, A. H. Mosle, '89.

 BOOK NOTICES.

Gouverneur Morris. American Statesmen. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

This work is the second of the American Statesmen series which the author has contributed, and there is a peculiar fitness in the selection of Mr. Roosevelt as the biographer of one with whose nature we feel he must have been so much in sympathy. Gouverneur Morris was above all men of his day what we now recognize as distinctively and genuinely American. Brilliant, energetic, and fond of society, while at the same time endowed with that intense practicality which is as much the distinguishing trait of the present day as it was conspicuously lacking in the ideal theorists and ponderous philosophers of the age of the French Revolution, his comments upon men and things are like those of one of our own number writing to us from a foreign land, and we feel that through his eyes we see things as they would have appeared to us had we stood in his place.

Gouverneur Morris will always be remembered as one of the most skillful financiers of his time and the originator of the plan of our national coinage. Yet, perhaps, the most interesting portion of his life to us is the period of his residence in France, first as a private citizen, afterwards as United States minister, covering as it does, with the exception of the few months of his mission to England, the years from 1789 to 1793, the time of the French Revolution. Against that dark background blended of the most artificial sentimentalism and the grossest sensuality his healthy moral tone and utter contempt of the visionary pseudo-philanthropy then in vogue stand out before us with refreshing strength. His diary and letters have preserved to us a vivid picture of those dark scenes, when he alone of all the foreign embassies dared to remain within reach of the Paris mob. This is to us the finest portion of the book, for in it Mr. Roosevelt drops the somewhat too colloquial tone which occasionally appears in the earlier pages, and rises to a real dignity and power.

Looking Backward. 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston : Ticknor & Co.

One would think before taking up Mr. Bellamy's book that the attempt, so often made before, to forestall the wonders of the years by an imagined

peep into the untraversed chambers of futurity could yield but little either new or profitable for our perusal. The work before us, however, is not a mere guessing at the new devices which the world's progress may be expected to bring forth so much as a carefully planned and ingeniously elaborated system of socialistic organization under the disguise of a novel, where the entire control and management of the productive and distributive machinery is in the hands of the government, and still the fullest measure of individual liberty allowed each one. The idea has been developed with a thoroughness and attention to detail which reminds us of Jules Verne's performances in a somewhat different line, while there are one or two really strong passages to be found here and there. The otherwise philosophical nature of the book is relieved by the interweaving of a somewhat slender love story, the chief novelty of which lies in the fact that it is to the great granddaughter of his former betrothed that the first person of the tale, having passed the period from 1887 to 2000, A. D., in a dreamless trance, finally transfers the affections to which she is indeed the legitimate heir. While we may doubt the likelihood of the close of the twentieth century seeing any such Utopia as Mr. Bellamy has pictured the book is one which holds our interest and suggests thought.

Praeterita. Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in My Past Life. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Vol. II. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

It is impossible that a volume of autobiography and personal reminiscence from one whose life and works have stirred men as have those of John Ruskin should fail of being interesting. Yet we cannot avoid a feeling of regret as we lay aside the book that the author of "A Crown of Wild Olive" and "Sesame and Lilies" should have given us such a desultory and unsatisfactory account of his own development, filling the pages with circumstantial accounts of the family and subsequent fortunes of his father's servants to the interruption and exclusion of much we feel might profitably have been told. The extracts which he gives us from his diary are always interesting, and still more so the passages in which he relates the mental experiences through which he passed and the influences which moulded his character and directed him into his life-work. Two thoughts force themselves upon us most strongly as we read the book; the intense individuality of the writer, which often finds expression in strange and even repelling incidents, and the very large share in the arrangement of his life which he assigns to mere chance and occurrences outside of himself. Indeed one cannot help wondering sometimes whether he gives us as true a notion of himself as in the scattered and almost unintentional glimpses of his own history which he reveals in his other writings.

Irish Wonders. The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Leprechawns, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and Other Marvels of the Emerald Isle. Popular Tales as told by the People. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Illustrated by H. R. Heaton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.

The rich imagination and the superstition of the Celtic race is proverbial, yet while the folk-lore of the Teutons has become familiar in every nursery

almost no attempt has been made at a popular presentation of the weird and half-poetic, half-grotesque conceptions which linger among the Irish peasantry. Perhaps the reason may be found partly at least in the inimitableness of the narrator's manner and rich brogue. These studies in dialect present before us the typical Irishman of the common people. Good-humored and talkative, with an unlimited capacity for bulls, we may well imagine him ready to produce his tale of marvels for the benefit of any one who will listen to him. The book is finely printed and gotten up while the numerous illustrations serve excellently to embellish the work.

Taxation: Its Principles and Methods. Translated from the "Scienza Delle Finanze" of Dr. Luigi Cossa. With an Introduction and Notes by Horace White. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. For sale by Judd.

The translation into English of this well-known work from an authority in political economy was only a question of time. The name of Cossa is familiar even to those of us who can lay no claim to being specialists in economic science, and his book on taxation has already attained a wide circulation among European nations, having been translated into five languages besides the English. The plan of the author was not to produce an exhaustive and detailed treatise but to set forth simply and distinctly the principles of the subject. There is, we believe, nothing to be found in English covering the same ground and its appearance will be welcomed by all teachers of the study. Its clearness and accurate classification render it especially commendable, while the addition of a compilation of the State tax systems of New York and Pennsylvania afford opportunity for exemplification of the principles laid down.

The Pocket Guide for Europe. By Thomas W. Knox. New Edition. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

This brief guide-book to Europe, Egypt, Palestine, and northern Africa was prepared by the author with a view to meeting the necessities of those who desire the greatest possible amount of information within a small compass. It is written by one who has by personal experience as well as by the success of other works of a similar nature acquired the right to speak on this subject. In addition to the ordinary information of the guide-book and explicit directions concerning all the details of a trip abroad it contains a table of "travel talk" in English, French, German, and Italian, in which are included all the ordinary phrases needed for the more common requirements of a traveler's life.

Before the Curfew and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

The name of Mr. Holmes upon the title-page of any book is of itself sufficient to attract everyone to discover for himself the beauties which are sure to reward his search, and to do away with the necessity or possibility of criticism. In these latter-day poems we find the same gentle and peculiar humor, the same inimitable touch with which we are all acquainted in his former poems; but like a silver thread runs through them all the sense and consciousness of advancing years, not indeed as a time of weakness and of sorrow, but resting like a crown of peace upon a life of manly effort.

Here are the poems read at the annual meetings of the class of 1829 from 1882 to 1888, as well as that written for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard, the apple of Eris for that occasion. Especially beautiful are some of the poems to particular friends, as Longfellow and Lowell, while the closing verses "to the poets who only read and listen" are exquisite. The paper, print, and binding are such as to afford an appropriate and delicate setting to the beautiful thoughts which they bear to us.

Metrical Translations and Poems. By Frederic H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is another of the dainty little volumes which these publishers occasionally put before us. It is made up of translations, chiefly from the German, together with some original poems by the first of the two authors. The rendering of Luther's Hymn is especially fine. Bound in parchment cover, the whole presents a most attractive appearance which charms us even before we become acquainted with its contents, and renders it especially appropriate for a gift-book.

The Story of Jewûd. Translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

This story, while somewhat akin to the tales of "Arabian Nights" is written with far different purpose. Its author, 'Alî 'Azîz Efendi of Crete, was one of the last of the ancient school of purely national literature, and his book is well known as an exponent of the work of that school. A philosopher, scientist, and diplomat, he has endeavored to set forth in his *Phantasms of the Divine Presence*, from which the present romance is taken, the true use and meaning of the mystic philosophies, introducing a bit of life at the Moslem capitol and presenting in most interesting form glimpses of more modern Turkish customs in the guise of the olden time. The translator, Mr. Gibb, has caught the ancient style with its amusing bombast and strained, though oftentimes beautiful metaphor. He readily transports us to the days of the great Khaliph when mysticism and geomancy were the manifestations of spiritual power among men. Here, too, we meet again that complexity, that interweaving of threads, that interdependence of story and story that is so peculiarly characteristic of Eastern lore, and whose grace and charm we begin to appreciate only after long experience along the paths of Western fiction.

TO BE REVIEWED:

Letters of Chas. Lamb. By Alfred Ainger. In two volumes. New York: Alfred Armstrong. For sale by Judd. Price, \$3.00.

His Broken Sword. By Winnie Louise Taylor. Price, \$1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina. By Walter Allen. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

RECEIVED:

Sketches of Persia, Vol. 1. By Sir John Malcom. Cassell & Co. 10 cents.

Much Ado About Nothing. Shakespeare. Cassell's. 10 cents.

The Apology of the Church of England. By John Jewel. Cassell's. 10 cts.

London in 1731. By Don Manoel Gonzales. Cassell's. 10 cents.

Diary of Samuel Pepys (from Oct. 1667 to March 1668). Cassell. 10 cents.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Again the carrier days had flown,
 I heard the flutter of their wings.
 O sweet innumerable things!
 Ye brought a treasure all your own:
 Pure pearls and bits of pink-lipped shell
 With here and there a grain of sand,
 And here and there a tiny strand
 Caught from my lady as it fell;
 A sun-shaft from the quivering trees,
 A wood bird's strangely-sorrowed note,
 The murmur of a stream that wrote
 Its characters on every breeze—
 These in the poet's soul were strown
 Until he gave them to your wings,
 O sweet innumerable things
 That brought a treasure all your own!

Shakespeare was so shrewd a man! We frequently remark upon his subtlety in character-reading, for that he possessed such subtlety in unusual portion is beyond a doubt, but I question whether we all comprehend the extreme sensitiveness of that soul-probing which could discover so much in little things and lay bare its discoveries to use. How perfectly easy it is for him to interest us and upon what trifling differences of plot, or scene, or character-making does such interest depend! What are the essential differences, for instance, between "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night?" A charming and most feminine woman in doublet and hose, a melancholy philosopher, a man whose creed finds its summary in "Care's an enemy to life," a duke of force and nobility—these are essentially the same in either; and Illyria and the forest of Arden are but names that attempt to disguise the "Merry England" of Shakespeare's time. He illustrates the fact that variety—though oftentimes an inconsiderable amount of it—is necessary to the success of play as opposed to play. The fact bears equally upon every work of fiction. When all has been said, however, is not Emerson right when he bids us stay at home and not seek in foreign lands for a something better than lies about us? Must the story-teller place his scene of action in Mexico, or Australia, or Siberia to make it effective? To come nearer home, is it necessary that his hero be an illicit whiskey distiller among the hills of Tennessee, or the poorly housed representative of an honorable but war-beggared Virginia aristocracy?

Scene-shifting modifies but does not solve the "difficulty"—we count it none, possibly because we feel that after all the best variety is the variety in sameness, for the phases of our every day life are infinite and of inexhaustible interest—presented in the "plot" problem of which there is some discussion just now among the various college journals. We prefer to follow contemporaneously Emerson's advice and the Stratford poet's example and to secure a reading by combination of character-elements, and the comparison of resulting creations with one another, rather than by a trip to the Sandwich Islands, with all the possible contingencies of such a trip.

Whatever exceptions—and we know that they are many—may exist the rule is thus: the more intricate the plot the less life-force in the story. We say the fairest stones have simplest settings, so little “plots” with great men to live and act them exert a far wider influence on humanity than the most intricate web of imaginative action.

The above rule is not the offspring of necessity, but rather a general tendency than a rigid law. It finds one extreme in the literature of adventure, the other in tales of more ordinary life where the interest rests in each character and its ability to cope with average life-problems; fabrication is apt to be a factor in the first, evolution is predominant in the second.

The March number of the *Dartmouth Lit.* gives illustration to the above sentiment and is admirable reading. We trace a spirit much akin to that of Robert Louis Stevenson in the very original story “Hans Wittikin.” The *Harvard Advocate*, too, merits the customary attention. But that thorn in the flesh,—we are not an unwilling sufferer—the Western periodical is as—as, ever. An Ohio editor, all unconsciously following the footsteps of Mr. Warner, remarks: “We are proud to know that in Ohio brains rather than muscle reigns supreme. We are fast losing sight of Yale and Harvard as the fine educational institutions” (Selah!) “and think of them as athletic associations,” etc. *ad cachinnum*. We turn the leaves and are attracted by the sequent exposition of above-mentioned intellectuality, entitled *Life* and dedicated to the proposition that life is a very wonderful and mysterious somewhat, so wonderful and mysterious that its “boundless potency” is bounded by the humblest of “single-celled protozoans.” “I set my foot upon the worm and crush it into a shapeless mass; its elements soon return to the dust whence they came, but where is its life? Where those million lives of that beautiful world to be? Where! O Priestess!” Thus the gentleman—or have we been sitting at the feet of some fair moralist?—after having wrought us to a pitch of attention and eagerness forsakes us with—an exclamation point.

It is so easy to sound the “critic peep,” but what should be done to an editor who proposes to manufacture poets by the use of “rhyming dictionaries” and frankly tells his readers and contributors so? A little more naturalness, an easy scorn of artificiality, noble fidelity to the Genius Literary—what exhilaratives to the college verses of to-day! At the base of everything noble and beautiful, whether in life or Art, lies self-forgetfulness. The subjective poet must lose sight of his subjectiveness, then and then only can he robe Truth in proper garments. What sacrilege to array the goddess in the coarse fustian of a “rhyming dictionary!”

We turn for consolation to the Canadian singer:

A MEMORY.

Athwart the roofs of the mighty town,
From the lofty windows where I sit,
I can see the blue of the stormy lake,
With a band of silver fringing it.

The wild west wind is driving the flock
Of the huge cloud-world to the lowering east,
The grey is riven and torn to white,
Not once this morn has the pageant ceased.

And I think of another day of clouds,
 When its silver fringes the blue lake wore ;
 And we two followed the narrow path,
 Alone, by the desolate windy shore.

Sweetheart, that day comes back to me,
 In a halo of smiles and a mist of tears
 It lives with me, it will always live.
 Have you thought of it once, in the after years?

—*The Varsity.*

The *Dartmouth Lit.* contains this bit of inexperience in very pretty verse :

THREE LOVES.

This heart, so loving, tender, true,
 With silent pleading urges you
 To noble end.
 If ere I sin, or go astray,
 She gently chides, and shows the way :
 This is my Friend.

But when oppressed with care, I know
 A refuge dear where I can go
 As to no other.
 This sweet, sad face has made of me
 All that I am, or hope to be :
 She is my Mother.

The thoughts that light this angel face
 Are pure as dawn. These lips with grace
 Are challenging a kiss.
 Her virgin love, forever mine,
 Makes this dull world a place divine :
 My Sweetheart this. —*Dartmouth Lit.*

We clip, for the sake of its curious versification,

THE GONDOLIER.

On the deck of the silent gondola
 That glides down the moonlit lagoon,
 The Gondolier plashes his paddle
 That gleams in the light of the moon,
 On the deck of the swift-winged gondola.

The Gondolier plashes his paddle,
 And lightly murmurs an air—
 A snatch of a song from the opera—
 And happy, unburdened with care,
 The Gondolier plashes his paddle.

A snatch of a song from the opera !
 Sung merrily on the lagoon.
 So his life is carelessly floating,
 Like the melody of the tune—
 A snatch of a song from the opera.

His life is carelessly floating
 Like the bubbles that rise from his oar,
 Caught up by the swirling currents,
 Swept on to an unknown shore,
 His life is carelessly floating.

—*Nassau Lit.*



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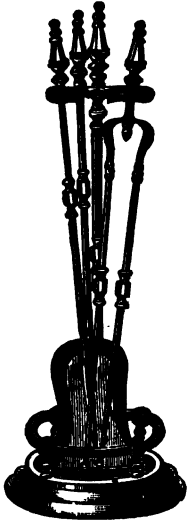


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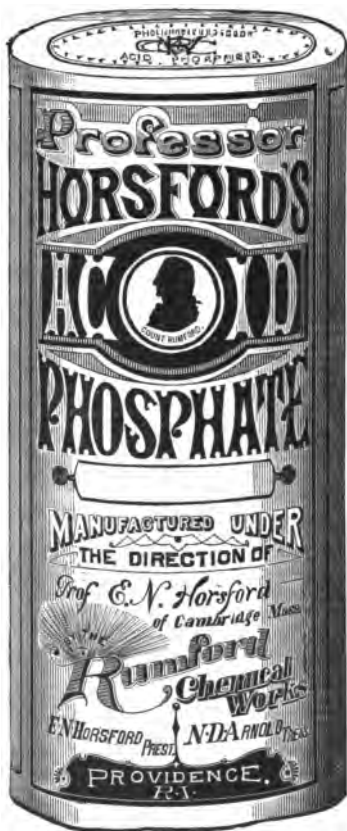
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